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Hesper-

Phosphor



JOHN WILLIAM SCHOLL











# HESPER-PHOSPHOR

AND

OTHER POEMS

BY

JOHN WILLIAM SCHOLL

AUTHOR OF

"THE LIGHT-BEARER OF LIBERTY, ETC."

"SOCIAL TRAGEDIES, ETC." "AN

ODE TO THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE."

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'Nonumque prematur in annum'—*Horace*

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1910

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## HESPER-PHOSPHOR.

Creak the icy maples drooping o'er the hedge's  
crystal wall,  
And the sheeted pinetrees shudder till their  
ghostly burdens fall.

Shrouded thick in moonlit whiteness lies the  
pavement and the street,  
And the lawn, shrub-tufted, glitters with the  
fret-work of the sleet.

Stiffened in his mail of hoar-frost, gone for aye  
his fruited prime,  
Lies the old Year, dying, dying, waiting for the  
midnight chime.

Let us keep the wonted vigil! While the dying  
hours go by,  
While his frosted breath is on us, let us watch  
the old Year die!

Many a midnight by the firelight have we  
watched the old Year out,  
Greeted then the new-born Year, and hailed  
each other with a shout,

And the night grew wild with whistles, and the  
merry anvil's sound  
Woke the village, woke the sleeping countryside  
for miles around.

But tonight be hushed alarum! Peace brood o'er  
us far and near,  
For a wondrous Age is passing with the passing  
of the Year!

And the youngest of us here will pass away  
gray-bearded men,  
Be forgotten as these verses, when a century  
dawns again!

Vale! Vale! Strokes of midnight! Rustle of  
the sable pall!  
Vale! Vale! Parting splendor! Hush and  
pomp funereal!

Grandest Age of all the ages since the march  
of mind began  
From the dull unconscious atom to the crowning  
type of man!

First a million million ages ere the rolling year  
was born,  
Then a hundred million slumbered ere as yet  
'twas early morn!

"Out of Chaos into Cosmos!" was the infinite  
decree,  
And at dawn the dry land lifted from the uni-  
versal sea,

And the vapors hung and brooded o'er the hot  
and humid earth  
Till the tepid Ocean labored in her myriad  
myriad birth!

Life from Death? Aye, Life from Death,—a  
wonder grown familiar now,—  
Though remains unanswered still the old sphinx-  
riddle of the "How?"

Ask no final Whence? nor Whither? 'Tis  
enough to watch the sweep  
Of the rising tide of life that issued from that  
ancient deep.

Build your systems, Metaphysics! Dream your  
dreams, Enthusiasm!  
You will never find the Alpha, never bridge the  
yawning chasm!

Whether countless universes ran their courses  
one by one  
Ere the present Wondrous Order its ascending  
race begun

Leave to childish minds that love to chase the  
rain-bow's hidden gold,  
Or to starveling logic-hunters that have left the  
shepherd's fold

Just to stray in barren pastures, tired of Truth's  
green meadow-land,—  
Just to thirst mid sage and cactus, blinded with  
the drifting sand.

Ask no final Whence? nor Whither? 'Tis enough  
for you and me  
If we mark the sea-weed drifting in that warm  
primæval sea,

For potential in that floating swarm of mute  
Eoic life  
Lies the soul of man awaiting its development  
through strife.

How the green life climbs the sea-shore, mounts  
the everlasting hills!  
How the blind touch grows to eyesight! How  
sensations grow to wills!

And a thousand forms of creeping, running,  
leaping, flying things  
Battle for the Earth's dominions like hereditary  
kings.

Battles royal red with carnage, myriads perished  
for the few,  
But the little band that conquered peopled all  
the earth anew.

Coward blood and weakness perished, strength  
and royal blood prevailed,  
Till the lion's thews were born, and Jove's cloud-  
dwelling eagle sailed.

Rose erect at length among them one more noble  
than the rest,  
Life superior slowly growing to supreme in  
head and breast.

Heir of all that mind had conquered, son of half  
a million years,  
In his brain involved the greatness of a myriad  
dead careers,

Reptile, bird, and beast had struggled, suffered  
and enjoyed that he,  
Crown of Life and Sum of Being, might fulfill  
the old decree:

“Out of Chaos into Cosmos! Out of darkness  
into light!  
Out of matter into spirit! Out of blindness  
into sight!”

Like a quiver stuffed with arrows from the  
armory of the past  
Brain and heart were armed with every shaft  
that mind had ever cast.

Like the bearded grain that hoards within its  
narrow flinty cell  
Three months' sunshine, Soul imprisoned all the  
mystic light that fell

From her blue skies overhead and from her  
silent stars of night,—  
Danaë to the virile ages in their long incessant  
flight,

Till a race was born that sometimes in its best  
embodiment  
Conquers Nature and compels her to subserve  
its own intent,

Makes a Caliban of lightning, rides the chariot  
of the seas,  
Ties the continents together, makes its dreams  
realities!

But impartial Nature levies on each race her  
fatal tax.  
Overplus in aught is purchased by a somewhat  
else that lacks.

At each turning-point of races, as of men, they  
stand and choose,  
Conscious or unconscious, boots not, what to  
gain and what to lose.

And we chose to stand erect with ample front  
expanded high,  
Masters of the fecund earth and lords of all the  
sea and sky.

Gone therefore the thews that grappled, gone  
the armor of defense,  
Gone the hardihood that recked not, gone the  
keenness of the sense.

Old Prometheus, manhood-maker, loosed the  
tongue, nor failed to teach  
Incoherent cries to mingle into man-uniting  
speech,

Called the wild unsocial tribesman from the cliff  
and from the den,  
Made the village, chose the chieftain, gave new  
laws to social men,



Gave them flint and bronze and iron, kindled  
fire upon the hearth,  
Set the vestal in the home to guard the new and  
marvelous birth,

Put the skins of beasts upon them, gave them  
flocks and lowing kine,  
Curved the plowshare, yoked the oxen, taught  
the elm to wed the vine,

Marked the seasons, set the feast-days, gave the  
virgins dance and song,  
Wreathed the bowl of rich Lyæan whence the  
cup went round the throng.

Centuries of centuries titanic dæmons of Fore-  
thought  
With their ever-crescent forces daily, hourly  
moved and wrought,

Till the vasty lump was leavened, man became  
self-conscious mind,  
And papyri kept the record of the deeds of  
humankind.

But a sable thread was mingled in the growing  
web of life.

At the earliest dawn of being Fear was born  
amid the strife;

Then Life's field of darkness widened, broidered  
with a sable thread,  
And the Parcae's subtle weaving grew a chron-  
icle of dread.

Starving from the fruitless chase the rude bar-  
barian in his tent  
Dreams of starting noble game and follows till  
the night is spent,

Sees his comrades, shouts among them, lets the  
fatal arrow fly,  
Bickers o'er the fallen booty,—greet the new  
day's golden eye,—

And the dreaming and the waking are *one*  
vision unto him,  
Real as the strength that unspent throbs within  
each lusty limb.

While his body lies supine a subtle something  
wanders free,  
Seeks again the distant godland, climbs the  
mountain, skims the sea,

Or, in hostile ambush fallen, screams and flies  
the demon shapes,  
Makes for the deserted body, wakes in anguish  
and escapes.

So the dreamer's airy phantoms, shades of  
friends and enemies,  
Live for his untutored fancy Being's primal  
verities.

When the long long sleep that wakes not with  
its white calm supervenes,  
And the chieftain's ghostly double wanders on  
in distant scenes,

Shout the assembled guests and kinsmen, shout  
the slaves of his domain,  
Wake ten thousand mournful echoes to recall  
him home again,

Sit and watch the placid sleeper, drive the vultures from their prey,  
Till the ghastly rigor warns them of the shade's  
too long delay.

Drunk perchance with undreamed splendor in  
the great ancestral Hall  
He forgets their ancient homage, hears not their  
despairing call.

Honored in that Hall of Fathers, chief among  
the warrior hosts,  
He returns not to their yearning from the sunset land of ghosts.

Then the funeral pyre is built and high the  
honored corse is laid,  
Fire is kindled, to the flames a thousand votive  
gifts are paid,

And the best-loved wife in transport leaps into  
the sacred fire,  
And the slaves make loud contention which shall  
mount the master's pyre,

And his horse is slain beside him harnessed for  
the regal chase,  
And the stag-horn lance is brought him and the  
ponderous armored mace,

Long the funeral feast is kept, as suits the warrior's high degree.  
Thousands heap the lofty barrow for immortal memory.

But the earth is not the same earth, and the sky  
is less serene,  
For the empire of the Unseen claims allegiance  
of the Seen.

Swift as thought, unseen as wind, unfelt but  
present everywhere,  
Lowers the ghostly Tyranny and broods the  
never-sleeping Care.

Time revolves his swiftest cycles. Death, the  
harvester of Time,  
Thrusts his sickle in the nations, and men fall  
before their prime.

Hind and hero fall together, chaff amid the  
golden corn,  
But the fallen hero only overlives the morrow  
morn.

Thus with each translated warrior grows the  
unseen realm of shades:  
Will on will, a countless synod, earth and sea  
and sky invades,

Till the very air is darkened, earth infected with  
a pest,  
And the ocean-stream roars round her with a  
demon-stirred unrest.

How the crushed souls writhe in anguish, how  
the mangled forms rebel  
'Twixt those millstones of despair, an upper and  
a nether hell!

For the all-beholding heaven from his brazen  
canopy  
Shakes the pitiless plagues upon them as the  
sun-god's arrows fly,

Hurls the thunderbolts and hailstones, pours the  
devastating flood,  
Sends the legions of the hoar-frost, blights the  
fruit within the bud,

While the old confederate earth-god, hoarding  
up the sun-god's beams,  
Feeds the Hydra of the fen and 'stills a poison  
in his streams.

Fear, Life's first-born, child of panic, tyrant of  
the seeing eye,  
Slave of every unseen terror hung between the  
earth and sky,

Gathers up her unhewn stones and heaps an  
altar to her foes,  
Where the blood of countless victims in propitia-  
tion flows;

Temples rise on every hilltop, Python sleeps in  
every cave,  
Voices fraught with fearful boding speak where  
oaks centennial wave,

Flights of birds athwart the heavens weave their  
   meaning in the sky,  
 Entrails of the slaughtered victim steam with  
   hidden prophecy ;

Earth and air are dark with riddles and the  
 omens never cease,—  
 And it's oh for certain knowledge, for the crushed  
 soul's health and peace!

So betwixt the gods and men the sacerdotal  
caste is given,  
Shepherds of the people, first, to guard them  
from the wrath of heaven,

But erelong grown crafty despots reaping where  
they have not sown,  
Zealous for the temple's treasure just to plunder  
for their own.

War-gods ruled the tribal heavens, war-chiefs  
 their vice-gerents stood.  
 Blood was wine to god and hero, and the gods  
 were drunk with blood.

Tribe was swallowed up in tribe, and gens  
enslaved by hostile gens,—  
Perished discord and disunion, perished civic  
impotence,

Conquered valor, conquered union, conquered  
right that strengthens might,  
Conquered cunning, craft and forethought, con-  
quered might that makes for right.

Myriad rills of civic manhood, gathered into  
widening streams,  
Rolled majestic down the ages bending to the  
despots' dreams.

Bounded swift and ever swifter forward then  
the race of man.

One by one the eastern empires swift but glor-  
ious courses ran,

Till at length a conquering manhood, having left  
its Aryan home,

Made the splendor that was Greece and made  
the glory that was Rome.

Long the golden eagles brooded o'er the imperial  
seven hills.

Long the Eternal City flourished, built a purple  
name that fills

Ten long centuries with splendor. Rome, the  
mistress of the seas,

Stretched her right hand to the westward,—  
Gaul unlocked her treasures,—

Stretched her left hand to the eastward,—Asia  
filled it with the spoils

Of the old Levantine empires, cloth of gold and  
perfumed oils,—

At her right foot lay the honors brought from  
Dido's ruined pile,

At her left foot knelt the Egyptian with the  
offerings of the Nile,



While behind her rose the war-cries and the  
clash of German swords  
Driven o'er the Rhine and Danube with their  
wild barbarian hordes.

Civic virtue, martial valor, justice and the reign  
of law,  
Hearts of oak and thews of iron, and the nations  
stood in awe!

When the Caesar's mighty hands the Janus-  
temple gates had closed,  
And beneath the mild Augustus all the happy  
world reposed,

What Cassandra mid the purple could the im-  
pending fates foretell,  
While the poet's proudest vaunting unto all men  
sounded well;

That the empire should be bounded only by the  
ocean-stream  
And endure to endless ages splendid as the  
Caesars' dream?

But, alas! the mighty rhythm of the age's up-  
ward surge  
Dooms all glory to extinction, even at its top-  
most verge.

Roman valor drained in battle, virtue checked  
in her career,  
Turned to wealth and luxury nor dreamed that  
any doom was near,



Till the mocking legionaries set the Caesars'  
throne to sale,  
Swearing to the highest bidder with their thun-  
derous "All hail!"

Soon the roving hordes that fretted on the  
Danube's burdened shore  
Saw the wealth and saw the weakness, saw and  
lusted more and more

For the spoils of conquered kingdoms, for the  
booty of farm and town,  
Looked and lusted, leaped the barriers, on the  
eagles' nest swooped down.

Wave on wave of primal darkness, pouring from  
the frozen North,  
Swept the Caesar from the throne and swept the  
glory from the earth,

And the only light that glimmered in the uni-  
versal night  
Was the aftershine of Athens lingering round  
Byzantium's height.

Centuries long that darkness brooded and the  
moon was blood on high  
And the stars forgot their office in the blackness  
of the sky.

Came again the twin-born scourges, priestly  
mitre, royal sword,  
And the half-quenched powers of evil were re-  
quickenened and restored.

Wild iconoclasts had smitten every marble into  
dust  
And consigned the precious parchments to the  
realms of moth and rust,

Wan fanatics scourged their flesh and made with  
God's wide-flashing levin  
Life the worthless antechamber of an endless  
golden heaven,

While the fierce, ambitious zealots armed with  
scaffold and with flame  
Raged to stifle human progress, strove the daring  
soul to tame.

Flamed the fagots, flashed the axes, one by one  
the noblest fell  
Mid the solemn priestly mockery and the wild  
mob's fiendish yell.

Then the herds of human cattle bent their necks  
beneath the yoke,  
Harnessed to a brutish service, patient to the  
driver's stroke.

Yet the sleepless Soul of Nature, never thwarted  
of her end,  
Sowed the blood and calmly waited for the  
harvest, blood must send.

But the thick-sown seeds of nations slumbered in  
the Empire's mould  
Though Life's Maytime could not wake them  
from the Winter's lingering cold.

Goth and Vandal, Celt and Saxon, and the  
tardier Muscovite,  
Were the dim prophetic promise of some far  
dawn's whitening light.

For in God's æonic rhythms every fall beneath  
the plane  
But foredooms a rise above it,—every loss is  
crowned with gain.

Thanks to thee, O blinded Turk, the heathen's  
dread, the christian's scorn!  
Thanks and hail, O glorious city, guardian of  
the Golden Horn!

Gallant Winkelried of nations, dying that a  
world might live,  
Thou hast given in ample measure all that mortal  
strength can give.

When the Moslem hordes came sweeping thou  
didst bare thy warrior breast,  
Sheathe the death within thy heart and win the  
victory for the West,

And thy purple life-blood scattered through the  
nations of the earth  
Warmed the dreary winter midnight, quenched  
at last the age-long dearth,

Turned the face of manhood forward, lifted up  
the spirit's eye,  
Wrought the new birth of a world, and set  
Hope's radiant star on high.

Greece reborn and Rome reawakened! Though  
the cowed monastics raved,  
From their crypts the precious hundredth of the  
morning light was saved.

Had the Scarlet Sibyl sitting muffled in her Cave  
of Night  
Offered to the heedless Ages all her hundred  
leaves of light,

And at each refusal scattered half the treasure  
to the winds,  
Till, despairing, she had flung the remnant to  
her shaven hinds?

Or with long unsated hatred had she hunted  
down the light  
Till it found a long asylum in her dungeon's  
kindly night?

Little recked the patient scholar how the precious  
leaves were lost,  
While he drank the golden Wisdom that his soul  
could not exhaust.

How the eyes grew dim with searching, how the  
hands with toil grew weak!  
How the fires that burned within him turned  
to ash upon his cheek!

But the World-soul flamed within him, and a  
thousand kindred lives  
Glowed like purple clouds of dawning when  
their radiant god arrives.

Woke the giant Demos starting, night's dark  
mantle half withdrawn,  
Moved his mighty limbs and struggling turned  
his huge face to the dawn,

And the nations felt a shudder running under  
altar and throne  
As of earthquake under cities dreading to be  
overthrown.

Fair Italia, bride of Athens, mother of the  
modern world,  
Thine the daring Ocean-tamer who with faith-  
led sails unfurled

Westward braved the saragosso on the salt sea's  
stagnant verge,  
Braved the faithless compass needle, and Atlan-  
tic's stormiest surge,

Followed still with hope and wonder, cheered by  
seabirds' landward flight,  
Gazing from his lofty flagship till a New World  
hove in sight.

Thine the bards and thine the scholars who with  
dauntless energy  
Toiling mid the wrecks of Time restored the lost  
Antiquity.

So the dreams of men were widened by thy  
gifts, O lavish land,  
And the souls of countless thousands felt their  
little world expand.

Life drew meaning from the vastness of its  
long inheritance,  
Earth gave promise in the vistas of her measure-  
less expanse.

When the German built his presses and swift  
cunning multiplied  
Thousandfold the scribes' hands the Demon  
of the Darkness died.

Quickening leaves with morning light sped over  
all the waiting earth,  
And the yearning soul of genius leaped and came  
to marvelous birth.

Woke the giant Demos struggling like a lion  
from his lair,  
Dashed the sleep from out his eyes, and shook  
the dews from out his hair,

And the trembling nations grappled to maintain  
their empery;  
Yet the triple crown was shivered in the giant's  
victory.

Stalked the Titan through the nations, snatching  
here a kingly crown,  
Planting there a human right, there putting  
proud Assumption down,

Till at length he built a nation hewn from virgin  
wilderness  
Where the dragon of Oppression nevermore  
should find access.

Grandest Age of all the ages since the march of  
mind began  
From the dull unconscious atom to the crowning  
type of man,

Heir of all the countless ages, son of half  
a million years,  
In thy purple youth embodied strength of  
myriad strong careers,

Noble bards sang round thy cradle, and a glor-  
ious burst of song  
Filled and thrilled thy youth with music that  
reëchoes loud and long;

Not the songs of helmed heroes flashing through  
the imbattled host,  
Nor of tempest-driven sailors touching every  
charmed coast,

Not the maddening dithyrambics filled with  
ruddy Bacchus' praise,  
Nor the lays of unveiled Venus set to feast the  
public gaze,

But the songs of human yearning and of pur-  
pose chaste and high,  
Songs of love's imperious passion quenched by  
pitiless destiny,

Songs of vernal greenth and beauty and of pure  
autumnal gold,  
Songs of summer woods and bird-notes, songs  
of harvest hundredfold,



Songs of hoary Ocean panting 'neath his  
burdened argosies,  
And of happy havens taken after stormy  
voyages,

Odes to Freedom, odes to Victory, and the free-  
man's battle hymn,  
Shouts of patriot exultation while the mortal eye  
grows dim,—

Songs of inner mystic beauty, songs of perfect  
form and grace,  
Flowers of heart and soul that make the crown-  
ing glory of our race.

“Alma Pax!” the new Age groaned with all the  
patient power of prayer,  
But the immortal gods were deafened by the  
brazen trumpet's blare.

War's loud front and horrid hair were shaking  
terrors through the world,  
And his blood-red banner waved to every stormy  
blast unfurled.

Now his hounds are kept in leash a-snarling in  
their secret dread,  
Keeping peace by daily wasting Europe's tithes  
of wine and bread,

For the hand of Toil grown thrifty, fostered by  
an armed peace,  
Clutches at the Demon's throat and bids the red  
destruction cease,



Though in Afric's vast dominions and degenerate Cathay  
Thrift lets loose the dogs of war to open Trade's  
untrammelled way.

Yet the Soul of Manhood dreaming sits upon  
his central throne  
Forging with unfailing prescience times unborn  
and realms unknown.

Centuries long the Dream broods on though  
tides of wrong surge wild below,  
Broods above the sightless tumult while the ages  
come and go,

And the floods grow calm and calmer as the  
cycles whirl away,  
Till the Dream is regnant Truth and nations  
come beneath its sway;

Then a new Dream of the Ages mounts to Man-  
hood's awful throne,  
Broods and conquers through the cycles till the  
whole world is its own.

So the hard unbending Real which with cruel  
strength compels  
Man the helpless worm to creep and eat the dust  
wherein he dwells,

Yields to the Eternal Manhood brooding through  
his silent years,  
And the Man, his dreams made flesh, mounts up  
through widening careers,

Grasps the wheel with conscious hand, the pilot  
of Earth's stormy bark,  
And with eyes on God's stars gazing guides the  
nations through the dark.

Mounting so with firm foot planted on the  
wrecks of conquered wrong,  
Man, embodied Cosmic Hope, stands forth at  
length a titan strong,

Wrestles with the dragon-brood that still his  
upward way infest,  
Cheered amid the mortal conflict, girded for the  
endless quest.

Happy Age that saw the shackles burst from  
fifty million hands,  
Saw the hunted beast of burden, trembling in the  
marish lands,

Into man transformed, transfigured, cleansed by  
streams of precious blood  
Poured in red unstinted measure,—millionfold  
baptismal flood,—

Whose red chrism has healed the nations! O ye  
Freemen! O ye Just!  
Shall we stand as idle dreamers o'er our fallen  
patriots' dust

And permit the sons of freemen in our land to  
be enslaved,  
Unprotesting when the injustice falls on him our  
fathers saved?

But the Age rolls on above them, and the evil-  
doer dies,  
For the tide of Life is setting toward the side  
where justice lies.

Happy Age that saw the monarch sinking to the  
servant's place,  
And the free man rising regnant o'er the tyrants  
of his race!

Happy Age that saw the priesthood sinking into  
slow decay,  
And the free soul mounting regnant into heav-  
en's glorious day!

Happy Age that saw the letter perish from the  
sacred page,  
And the spirit shining regnant in the soul life  
of the sage!

Happy Age that saw a chaos leap into a universe  
At the magic touch of science, Truth dispel the  
ancient curse,

Drive the demons from the air, and drive the  
gods from out the sky,  
Purge the earth of half her evil bidding all her  
follies fly!

Happy Age that saw the Yonder fading from the  
dreams of men,  
And the Now of Love's occasion dearer than a  
ghostly Then!

Happy Age that conquered distance, brought the  
                  heavens down to man,  
Narrowed all the hostile oceans to a river's  
                  friendly span.

Saw the far horizon lift and distant nations  
                  heave in sight,  
Saw the isolated burgher grown at length cosmo-  
                  polite!

Happy Age that conquered time, the hoar ally of  
                  distance gray,  
Changed the centuries to years, and crowded  
                  seasons in a day,

Flasht the lightnings, sped the couriers, keeping  
                  thought's impetuous pace,  
Sent the electric thrill of manhood widening  
                  down the human race!

Lo, a hand unveils the ages, flashing on my  
                  startled sight,  
And a voice of power prophetic cries from out  
                  the darkness, "Write!"

See! Two mighty rival races filling all the happy  
                  earth,  
Rivals still in glorious deeds but conscious of  
                  one common birth.

Gone the tread of armed feet, and gone the  
                  champing battle-steed,  
Breathes the gentle Ocean-stream from all his  
                  hostile navies freed,

Sunk in quiet beds of ooze and lost a hundred  
fathoms deep  
Lies the last death-belching monster muzzled in  
Lethean sleep;

Glides the plowshare through the ruins of the  
forts of old renown,  
Harvests wave with golden hope where stood  
the ancient walled town;

Marshes drained, saharas watered, harnessed  
winds and cataracts,  
Tropic belts of tangled Eden wrought to habit-  
able tracts;

Gone the city's crowded space that bred a ver-  
min race of men,  
Gone the pest-infected airs exhaled from Vice's  
reeking den;

Happy millions dwell in peace dispersed on fer-  
tile vale and down,  
Here an orchard-scented hamlet, there a park-  
embosomed town;

Rich and poor forgotten evils, crime and sick-  
ness slunk away  
Shamed and conquered by the beauty of the  
soul's untrammelled sway;

Flesh made pure and sweet within, the temple  
of a chastened life,  
Dead the feud of body and soul and closed the  
passions' blinding strife;

Birth the sacrament of hope, and death the old  
man's crowning grace,—  
Hallowed sunset after sunrise,—keeping still an  
equal pace

That no earth-born soul by climbing cause an-  
other soul to fall,  
But our Mother's ample bosom be the nourisher  
of all;

Less and less the Code's compulsion, more and  
more the inward Law,  
More and more disintegration of the power that  
holds in awe,

More and more new integration by the bonds of  
free consent  
To the Inward growing Outward—social life's  
embodiment;

Gone the hope of selfish heavens, come the faith  
in deathless deeds,  
Sunk the individual wish in serving universal  
needs,

Will and Fate at length consenting, Life far-  
seeing and sublime,  
Reaping now in wise content the harvests of the  
Coming Time.

"Prophet!" cries the voice of thunder; "leap a  
hundred ages back!  
Lo, the nations, how they struggle in the old  
war-beaten track!

Speaking courteous words of peace but cram-  
ming brutish arsenals,  
Turning wholesome bread and wine to monster  
navy-sinking shells!

These must perish from the earth and lose their  
curst inheritance;  
Dying now the Latin nations, dying even glor-  
ious France—”

But a wreath of smoke low trailing hides the  
vision from my sight,  
And the deafening wheels of commerce drown  
the voice that bade me write.

O ye clamorous sons of Trade! Alack, the per-  
ilous thirst for gold!  
Worship still the least erected of the fallen gods  
of old?

From the valley of the shadow of that gilded  
thing, Success,  
Lift your eyes, O burdened nations, to the hills  
of Helpfulness!

Hear the call of the Ideal like a trumpet from  
the van.  
Gird your loins and quit the valley for the dawn-  
lit heights of man.

Grandest Age of all the ages since the march of  
mind began  
From the dull unconscious atom to the crown-  
ing type of man,



Vale! Vale! Strokes of midnight! And a solemn  
passing hour!

Vale! Vale! Parting splendor, shall we mourn  
thy passing power?

Salve! Salve! Turn we forward from the sable  
funeral car!

Salve! Salve! Mightier Aeon, heralded by Love's  
own star!

Star of all the countless ages, Hesper of the ages  
gone,

Phosphor of the unborn æons, Hesper-Phos-  
phor, Night and Dawn!

How the heart leaps up to greet thee, Bringer of  
a mighty hope,

Light that lightens down the darkness where the  
infant nations grope!

Heir of all that mind has conquered, son of half  
a million years,

Sharer of all vital progress, seed of endless new  
careers,

Thirty circles of the months have fed my soul  
ambrosial food,

And I pour a full libation to the Roman god that  
stood

At the entrance of the years, and may he grant  
one prayer to me,

That my steps may pass the midmost milestone  
of the century,



That my eyes may see the fruitage of the seed  
this age has sown,  
That my hands may sow a harvest greater than  
the world has known.

(I, the *type*, not I, the *ego*, held aloof from in-  
tercourse,  
Egotist of egotists that hold myself the uni-  
verse.)

Hail, O Brothers! Hail, O Helpers! By a cosmic  
law divine  
All my work is wholly yours and all your work  
is wholly mine.

Through ye only have I strength to mould me to  
the cosmic plan,  
Million brained and million handed, millionfold  
a manly man!

Hail, Democracy, the star-eyed, climbing from  
the ancient mire,  
Trampling down their crowns and scepters who  
forbid thee mounting higher!

Spread thy palm above all nations, teach all peo-  
ples to be free,  
Banish war's red pestilence, and bring the golden  
age to be,

Tear the bandage from the eyes of partial Jus-  
tice that her sword  
Smite the votarists of Pluto till their stolen  
gold's restored,

That her scale-beam tip as lightly for the weak  
as for the strong,  
And her judgments ring out clearly through the  
clamorous cries of wrong.

Lift the torch of Reason higher, set it by the  
lamp of Faith,  
Till their light forever banish Superstition's  
sheeted wraith.

Warm the heart, expand the brain, and make the  
spirit large and free,  
Till we reach the godlike selfhood and devote  
our strength to thee.

And beyond our power of asking lead us upward  
into light,  
Overrule us when we stray and strengthen only  
in the right!

Hail, Democracy, the star-eyed, mounting ever  
to the stars!  
Hail to thee whose day is brightening with the  
century's morning bars!

Slowly moves the hand of Progress o'er the dial-  
plate of Time,  
Till we half despair to see it move beyond the  
hour of prime.

But if life appear to linger, nations halt or back-  
ward creep,  
'Tis the stalwart athlete, Nature, backing for a  
mightier leap.

Shall we curse the age as senile just because our  
hair is gray,  
Count that light and hope are dead since even-  
ing glooms about our day?

Life is *young*, Time's latest born, his arch of  
promise lingers yet  
Resting on its charmed gold, Youth's goal for-  
ever onward set.

Aye the young man's dreams are truest, and the  
burnt-out fires of age  
But the dead and dying camp-fires of each last  
preceding stage.

O despair not, men and brothers, deeming hu-  
man nature weak!  
Toothless age must ever mumble through his  
snow-heaped hollow cheek,

That the year is growing cold and the harvest-  
fields lie dead,—  
Stubble where he hoped for blade, and sunlight  
changed for skies of lead.

When ten thousand ages toiling fashioned man  
their crowning work,  
Shall we find that potent seeds within his in-  
most being lurk,

Waiting only fair occasion to expand to hideous  
life  
And destroy the rarest fruitage of developmental  
strife?

What a million years have made no less than  
million years can mar.

Then despair not, men and brothers, though per-  
fection lingers far,

For we judge as simple children when we make  
our little day

God's criterion of progress and the measure of  
his way.

Forward! then the century's birth-cry! Forward!  
still the cry of Youth!

Forward! yet the hope of manhood! Onward to  
the goal of Truth!

Forward! though the days be gray that follow  
morning's purple bars!

Forward! for the darkest night is ever thickest  
sown with stars!

Come, thou hoped-for happier Aeon, sung by  
bards, by seers foretold,

When the earth shall bask in sunlight of her  
lordlier Age of Gold!

Or, if floating in the distance far beyond our  
power to seize,

Drop the mirage of its splendor just beyond our  
certainties,

That the glamour of Time's promise, hovering  
o'er the horizon line,

May compel its own fulfilment in the evolving  
Life divine!

Dec. 26, 1900.

## A GRAY DAY.

### I

A gray day  
For a May day  
And a gloom in the heart for me!  
O the puppet play!  
And they dance as gay  
As the crickets leap  
In a scented heap  
Of new-mown hay!  
And I, ah me,  
The one in a million to see!

### II

A ghost hand  
From the coast-land  
Whither all things hurry and flee!  
O the unseen hand!  
How its fingers expand  
And clutch at the wires!  
And the play retires  
To the shadowy strand.  
And I, ah me,  
The one in the million to see!

### III

A chess game,  
(A mere dress game,)
With helpless pieces aboard!
O the bootless game!
Knights fall for fame
As the pawns for food
Or the Ermine's good,
Kings checked the same!
And I, ah me,
One conscious pawn in the horde!

### IV

A ghost hand
From the lost land
Whither all things stagger and reel!
O the cold mist hand!
Its fingers are spanned,
And knight and pawn
And bishop are gone
And the game is banned!
And I, ah me,
The one in the million to feel!

### V

A blind law,
(Were't a kind law?
Which the uttermost stars obey!
O the pitiless law!
An insatiable maw
Engulfs all lives,
And what survives
Has tooth and claw.
And I, ah me,
Must prey, or become a prey!

## VI

I could dream,  
 (O a good dream!)  
 That the fecund years might see  
 The dusk grow to gleam,  
 The ice burst to stream,  
 The thistle make room  
 For the rose to bloom,  
 Use and beauty supreme!  
 But this, ah me,  
 Takes the millions of years to be!

## VII

A clear voice,  
 And a near voice,  
 Speaks out of my soul to me.  
 O the sweet clear voice!  
 O freedom of choice  
 That the clear voice speaks!  
 O the light on the peaks  
 Where the dawns rejoice!  
 But I, ah me,  
 The message is false, I can see!

## VIII

It grows old,  
 Ay, it grows cold,  
 For suns and systems will die!  
 O the spaces untold!  
 Worlds of worlds manifold  
 All coming to naught!  
 O why were they wrought  
 To perish in cold?  
 And I, ah me,  
 To breathe but one instant and die!

IX

What discord  
With this chord  
Struck sharp from the lyre of my soul!  
O the trembling chord!  
Like the thrust of a sword  
In a valiant heart  
Is the poignant smart  
Of Fate's stern word.  
For I, ah me,  
Am a part to be ruled by the whole!

X

O the gray day,  
The lost May day,  
And the gloom in the heart for me!  
O the puppet play!  
Let it dance away  
As the crickets leap!  
Let them blindly keep  
Life's holiday,  
Though I, ah me,  
Am fated to feel and to see!  
April 24, 1900.



## BEN HADAD.

Ben Hadad toiled along an endless road,  
A massy wall of stone on either hand,—  
Mecca his goal—and ever as he strode  
His sandals crushed into the yielding sand.  
Bowed down beneath a shapeless heavy load  
With anxious eye the narrow way he scanned.

One day—no whit less weary than the rest—  
Ben Hadad heard swift footsteps from behind,  
Yet turned not to behold the pilgrim guest—  
Whose haste betrayed him godlessly inclined—  
But labored undistraught like one possessed  
Of some diviner passion than his kind.

“Allah be praised, who made this glorious day,  
Good friend, and dropped it fresh from Paradise  
To lighten pilgrim feet upon their way!  
The heart leaps up to see such sapphire skies  
Arch spotless o’er earth’s festal cup of clay  
Where Allah mingles priceless wines and  
spice!”

“A drunken word, and blasphemous as well!”  
Ben Hadad answered, plodding on apace.  
He saw not how unwonted shadows fell,  
Cast by the radiance of his fellow’s face,  
Nor marked the queer round shoulders—like the  
swell  
Of sleeping wings—that marred his tunic’s  
grace.

"A spotless sky? What madness this, I pray?  
Spiced wine! 'Tis by our holy word forbidden!  
Our prophet spoke naught of 'a glorious day.'  
What he revealed not is most wisely hidden.  
Look to your feet, and keep the narrow way,  
A blameless walk, a spotless soul unhidden."

"Look up, Ben Hadad! Trust the living eye!"  
The shining guest replied, and smiled benignly:  
"Old laws decay and with their givers die,  
But Allah still renews himself divinely  
To heart and soul that ever open lie  
To Truth and Beauty. Take not thus supinely

Life's arduous gifts. These walls on either hand  
Though scarce breast high, shut out the world  
from you.  
Behold the olive groves that dot the land,  
The gardens and the liliated fields in view,  
The palm's tall hostelry by zephyrs fanned  
That waves mute welcome to the pilgrim  
crew."

"Allah forbid!" Ben Hadad straight replied:  
"Though I had faith beyond the prophet's  
measure,  
I would not rise. To prove a madman lied,  
What saint would jeopardize his earthly treasure?  
This sacred pack upon my shoulders tied  
I'll scarce discard to do a stranger's pleasure."

"Pray, what unshapely thing is this?" he cried,  
And smote the burden with his knotty staff.  
Great clouds of dust burst forth on every side.

The shining guest pealed forth a hearty laugh:  
"An ancient bed, I'll warrant, true and tried,  
By daily use worn down to musty chaff."

"Have you no rootage in the sacred past?  
No treasures rescued from the pirate years?  
No priceless old memorials that last  
From age to age? Pour forth your vollied  
sneers,  
Rash infidel, I care not for the blast.  
The ear alone such idle mocking hears."

"An inventory!" And again that laugh.  
Ben Hadad answered with indignant grace:  
"A bronzen tablet with an epitaph  
Snatched from the tomb of him who sired our  
race;  
A foot-worn doorsill, broken quite in half,  
The threshold of our first abiding-place;

"A tent-cloth stained by sun and morning dew,  
My grandsire's shelter when he fled from  
home;  
A sword-hilt, set with gems, wherewith he slew  
A templar-knight; a crescent from the dome  
The sheik, my father, built in Kambalu,  
Beside the infidel's huge hippodrome;

"My mother's loom; a lock of silver hair;  
The prophet's holy word securely bound;  
My swaddling clothes; an old illumined prayer;  
The collar of my brother's faithful hound;  
The crib that knew a nurse's watchful care  
When childhood's dreamless sleep enswathed  
us round.

"These have I kept, though grieved at heart to  
know

So much must perish of no meaner worth.  
These will I keep, and when at last I go  
To Allah's bosom, and forsake the earth,  
My son shall have the pack, and I bestow  
My wayworn sandals to increase its girth.

"Allah is God. He shall not lose through me  
One tittle of his world's uphoarded gain!"  
Ben Hadad ceased. His fellow wept to see  
The tortured form, the martyrdom of pain,  
And sighed: "Allah is God! May he set free  
Ben Hadad's soul from all its labors vain!

"Lose all and gain all!" Here the angel guest  
Touched with his staff the vast unshapely pack.  
Its cords in sunder broke at this behest.  
The huge bulk rolled in dust from off his back.  
Ben Hadad rose erect with startled breast  
And saw no more the narrow beaten track.

He saw the sapphire skies, the olive groves,  
Gardens and lilled fields on either hand,  
White cornfields waving, flights of turtle-doves,  
And lofty palms by gentle breezes fanned,  
Sheep on a hundred hills, cattle in droves,  
And happy towns that dot the pleasant land;

And o'er him, mounting in seraphic flight,  
His guest. He smiled, and fell upon his face  
And died. For joy at that unwonted sight,  
Or from despair, none knew. But Allah's  
grace

Upon his corpse, in death's benignant light,  
Of that first smile preserved the blessed trace.

THE BALLAD OF THE GOOD SHIP  
"DAUNTLESS."

Three weeks with never a breath of wind  
Off Wynland's marches moored  
The captain's good ship 'Dauntless' lay  
With all her crew on board.  
Her flag hung dead at her tall masthead,  
No ripple round her poured.  
The sea-birds circled overhead  
And screamed across the fjord.

The grizzled captain paced the deck,  
He strode impatiently.  
His eye now marked the frozen land,  
Now swept the western sea.  
Upspake the mate in sore estate:  
"O captain, sennights three  
We've waited the rising of the wind.  
What may the matter be?"

The captain raised his sullen glance,  
He lifted his hand to the sky:  
"Why serve we longer the great White Christ  
Who thrones with God on high,  
When a Wynland hag with a tattered rag  
His rule can thus defy?  
The hand that is far when help is cried  
For harm can not be nigh!"

Then spake the pilot, a man of blood,  
And a mighty oath he swore:  
"O captain, give me your goodly sword  
And of men a gallant score.  
I'll scour the land on every hand,  
I'll hunt through mountain and moor,  
Till I bring you this hag with her tattered rag,  
In chains from yon frozen shore."

"Go, take my sword and of men a score,  
And bring me the sisters weird!"  
"O women weird, ye feel my power,  
No longer are ye feared.  
Now give me a breeze to skim the seas,  
Or by Beelzebub's beard  
I'll perch your heads on the tall masthead!"  
His words the pilot cheered.

"Ho, ho!" they cried, those sisters weird:  
"Fair winds hath this tattered rag.  
Three pounds tobacco, a pipe apiece,  
Three guineas of gold in a bag,  
And the captain's ship shall dance and skip  
And never a moment lag  
Till English wives and English babes  
Shall greet his homeward flag."

The captain took their hell-wrought clout,  
But a crafty man was he.  
He smote the captives with his sword.  
The crew cheered merrily.  
That magic shred to the tall masthead  
The captain nailed in glee.  
Three knots in a string, and a tattered rag,—  
Three winds he held in fee.

He clove the first knot with his sword.  
A wind rose steady and strong.  
“Home, homeward bound!” the pilot sang,  
The crew joined in the song.  
Right merrily sped she straight ahead  
All day and all night long.  
The sea-birds scream across the main,  
The sea-beasts round her throng.

His good sword clove the second knot,  
The wind, it blew a gale.  
It veered now east, it veered now west,  
The mate grew ghastly pale.  
The good ship lunged, she leaped and plunged,  
And shuddered with straining sail,  
But she held her way for a night and a day,  
Though waves dashed o’er her rail.

“Ho, ho! my good ship rides the storm,”  
The burly captain cried:  
“The gale in the cordage whistles and howls,  
Such song is the seaman’s pride.  
So gallantly borne, by the morrow morn,  
At anchor we shall ride,  
And English wives and English babes  
Shall gather at our side.”



His good blade leaped and clove once more.  
The gale, it grew a blast.  
The billows leaped, the good ship crashed,  
The captain stood aghast.  
For straight ahead from the ocean's bed  
A rock rose ribbed and vast.  
The loosened demons shrieked and laughed  
As on to her doom she passed.

The White Christ smiled on the waters wild,  
They grew as smooth as glass.  
Next morn on a wild and unknown coast  
A wide-eyed fisherman's lass  
At play on the sand of the salt sea strand  
Saw floating corpses pass;  
But never a priest in all the land  
For their wandering souls said mass.

### MID CLOVER BLOOMS.

O to lie mid the tangled blooms,  
A child of Earth and the blue June skies,  
And list to the song of the bumblebees  
That tipsy with honey go tumbling over  
From head to head of the purple clover  
That swing in the clutch of their golden knees!  
O to lie 'neath the blue June skies  
In tune with the life of the scented glooms!



The cricket sings where the golden light  
Is quenched in the dusk of the standing grass,  
And the grasshopper climbs to the topmost leaf  
To bask in the sun of rare midsummer,  
A holiday guest and chance new-comer,  
That drains life's cup though the feast be brief  
Nor grieves at last o'er the empty glass  
As he drifts in dream to the voiceless night.

The katydid calls from her leafy bower,  
And a boisterous sisterhood over the way  
Affirm and deny with impetuous zeal,  
A gossiping town without purpose or guerdon,  
Till the garrulous hedgerow grows a burden,  
While the shrill cicada with mail of steel,  
From his tall acacia startles the day,  
And stabs with his song the noontide hour.

O white cloud floating in liquid blue,  
That driftest so lazily over my head!  
A breath blew out of the west at morn,  
And out of the void of the fleckless ether,  
Rejoicing to greet fresh fields beneath her,  
A feathery form, sweet cloud, was born!  
Shall her bright life for their thirst be shed?  
Or melt in the blue sky whence she grew?

O to lie in the scented glooms,  
A child of Earth and the blue June skies,  
And list to the voices of summertide,  
And feel the beat of life's mystic weaving,  
With an open heart life's gifts receiving,  
A pensioner willing on bounties wide!  
O to lie 'neath the blue June skies,  
At one with the purple clover blooms!  
Nov. 23, 1901.

## THE VANISHED WOODS.

How changed the scene from what I knew,  
Sweet woods, when last we bade adieu!  
The woodman's axe has loudly rung  
December's ice and snows among  
And chased each Dryas from her berth  
To feed some ravenous-throated hearth.

Perennial woods I deemed ye then,  
Centennial peace for unborn men,  
A sacred gloom for revery,  
The nurse of star-eyed poesy,  
Sequestered shrine and husht retreat,  
Unstained by greed's unhallowed feet,

And in your scented shades I nursed  
A life in richest dreams immersed,  
While numbers to the visions came,  
Songs careless of or name or fame,  
Where beauty seemed its own excuse  
And song the soul's most perfect use.

Reclined full-length beside the stream  
That guiltless of day's garish beam  
Ran darkling down and gurgling broke  
O'er serpent roots of gnarled oak,  
I gazed upon one rift of blue:  
The softened radiance sifted through

And iris mingled with the green  
The drooping beechen boughs between,  
Until its far-off glory seemed  
The goal of all the poets dreamed.  
So lost in revery I lay  
And dreamed the golden hours away!

O shameful idleness and sloth,  
Companion to the rust and moth!  
O judge not so, poor dreamless friend;  
The lily of the field may spend  
Her whole sweet life 'neath unsought skies,  
Her cup unseen by mortal eyes,

And yonder pink anemone  
That nods so lightly unto me  
Sits dreaming by the brooklet here  
In silence through the whole long year  
To bloom one week in modest wise  
For one chance pair of charmed eyes.

In sooth, good friend, it seems to me,  
A dreamer born, howe'er it be,  
That idle dreams are food and drink,  
That one hour by a river's brink,  
Lapped cool in dappled shade, is more  
Than all your wise men's thrifty lore.

O wasteful purblind prodigals  
Intent upon your barns and stalls,  
Heap high your stacks of yellow sheaves,  
Feed fat your herds of shining beeves,  
And take no thought for aftertimes,  
For aftertimes nor poets' rhymes.

Heap on the wood and toast your shins  
And snugly dream of bursting bins,  
Of widening fields of new-cleared land,  
Of virgin soil on every hand,  
Of log-heaps, smoking pioneers  
That make a way for whitened ears.

O sordid Comfort, full-fed Ease,  
Green-shuttered there 'mid orchard trees,  
For whom the rain of apple-blooms  
Is only sweeter than the glooms  
That linger round my beechen roots,  
By promise of autumnal fruits,

I thought that Greed had shunned this space  
To chaffer in the market-place,  
But lo, his hand is everywhere!  
Alas for all the good and fair!  
His hand has slain my favorite trees,  
And all I loved are gone but these.

O wasteful purblind prodigals,  
When the tornado madly falls,  
Unroofs your barns, and blinding rains  
Spoil half the season's garnered grains,  
When frost pulls up your clover-roots  
And blights in May your blooming fruits,

When whole young orchards winter-kill,  
Unsheltered from the storm-king's will,  
When snowless wheatfields freeze and thaw,  
When crows o'er sprouting cornfields caw,  
When summer drought burns all things dry,  
And lawns are parched, and meadows die,

Then reave you hair and beat your breast  
And bring an offering of the best,  
Make feast with open heart and free,  
And plant each year some noble tree  
Those banished Dryads to placate  
And wrongs ancestral expiate!  
June 2, 1900.

## A SONG OF RENEWAL

Fling wide my garret window  
Here in my house on the hill,  
Far out in the edge of the city  
Where sounds of traffic grow still!  
I will lounge in the open casement,  
I will perch on the window-sill,  
To breathe for one moment, a freeman,  
And cast off my gyves with a will.

Out yonder the fields are basking  
In July's golden glare,  
Ripening harvests of beauty  
In the languorous murky air,  
While here I perish of mildew,  
And rot with profitless care.  
Old books, adieu! And my papers,  
Farewell! Long truce to despair!

I will fly this parchment kingdom,  
This mine of the Arimasps,  
This universe of vellum,  
Of leather and brazen hasps,  
Where the soul is pent and straitened  
In boards with double clasps,  
And the mind like a pinioned demon  
For freedom struggles and gasps;

Where I feel like a marginal figure  
In purple and green and gold,  
Done with an infinite patience  
By a dull old monk of old,  
As conventional, dead, and unmeaning,  
As the empty tale retold  
It illumined in gaudy splendor,—  
To crumble at last into mould;

For here the soul is a quarto,  
Or at best but a folio,  
And I long for the perfect unfolding  
That mortals seldom know,  
To lie spread out and unbroken  
In God's supernal glow,  
The Cloud-Compeller above me,  
The old Earth-Mother below.

Out yonder the fragrant meadow  
Dotted with hay-cocks stands.  
I can hear the workmen's laughter  
As they ply their busy hands,  
Heaping the giant hay-bed  
As it creaks through the bottom-lands,  
Drawn like a car triumphal  
At some high-throned queen's commands.

Who guides yon rural progress?—  
No less than a queen, I vow!—  
'Tis the farmer's buxom daughter,  
As lithe as a nymph, I trow;  
A golden rock-rose in her hat-band,  
Her nut-brown cheeks and brow  
Aglow with health and beauty  
That queens might envy her now.

And over beyond the rail-fence,  
Mantled with ivy and vines,  
Where the purple ripe raspberry nestles  
And the evening primrose shines,  
The dead-ripe wheat is standing,  
Straw-broken, with pendant crines,  
And unchidden by stewards of Ceres  
The querulous sparrow dines.

And down in the lower bottoms,  
Along the dreaming brook  
That winds down its slumberous valley  
In many a sickle's crook,  
Where willow and sycamore, stooping,  
At their sun-flecked images look,  
The cattle breast-deep are standing  
In many a shady nook.

And away and around in the blue haze,  
To vision's uttermost bourn,  
In billows of green that from evening  
Run to the shores of morn,  
Round meadow and pasture and wheat-field,  
Stretches the sea of the corn.  
O why should the city's toiler  
Yon teeming paradise scorn?



For there is a tangled Eden,  
Where the trimmers' hands are too few  
To garner the gifts of Ceres  
While serving Pomona as true.  
So wilding beauty runs riot,  
And the weeds, a rollicking crew,  
Preempt every chink of the sunshine  
And stretch out their palms for the dew,—

But see! There's a pause in the haying!  
The hay-bed, piled to the boom,  
Is ready to choke with its fragrance  
The barn's wide-throated room.  
Now the jug with its beaded coolness,  
Filled from the well's deep gloom,  
As dear as e'er flagon at banquet,  
Is haled from its tangle of bloom

To gurgle around the circle  
From lip to laughing lip.  
Now deftly the farmer's daughter  
From its cool rim takes a sip  
To bless the draught for the workmen  
As its waters bubble and drip.  
Then here's to the Queen of the Harvest!  
Long live toil's comradeship!

No longer my soul shall tarry  
Wing-clipt in this ancient mew.  
I'll away to the fields and meadows  
Where living deeds are to do.  
I'll out in the dews at sunrise,  
I'll toil the long day through,  
And wear out this mildewed body  
And win me a soul anew.



And when the long day closes,  
And life has forgotten its husk,  
By the side of the farmer's daughter  
In odors dearer than musk,  
To the homestead nested in pine-trees .  
That bite the sky like a tusk,  
To the goal of a rest supernal  
I'll walk through the cool sweet dusk.

### IMPERFECTION

Never a summer breeze  
From his far sea-cradle blows  
But lingers among the gardens  
To sigh for one dead rose.

## SONNET

My letter was returned with seal unbroken.

“Deceased!” Some cold official hand had  
traced

The penciled euphemism in careless haste  
To send across the world the joyless token,  
That love’s last word was left for aye unspoken.

Dead? Is he dead with whom I daily chased  
The beauteous phantoms o’er great Homer’s  
waste

Wide ocean? Shipwrecked lies our vessel oaken?

O friends, why mock ourselves with gloomy  
fictions?

Broad seas and broader years have not the  
power

To rob true friendship of one precious hour.  
We hold sweet converse still,—dare Fate’s  
restrictions,—

And face to face, whate’er cold reason saith,  
We’ll wander through the world untouched by  
death.



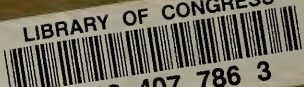




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